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Wilde's Equilibrium

Posted on May 7, 2023 by David g Wilde

Fact? Or Friction? The Thermodynamics of Thinking

The Supreme Being is transmitting knowledge in an unknown medium to all beings for an unknowable amount of time. The message is received by all and to be understood on some level of unawareness by few. Many are comfortable with this, and a many more deny it vehemently with the passage of times. Several of the wise gather and believe that by examining the unknown, it can only be comprehended by understanding the true nature of the transmission's medium.

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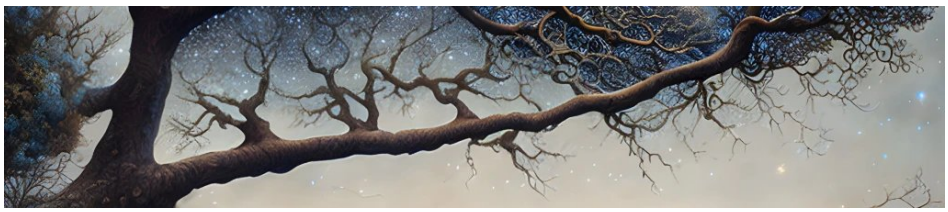

As the seed of this acknowledgement springs forth from the tender soil of ignorance, the branching begins to itself become branching, and one fruit becomes many. All are happy and nourished by this experiment. But the wise men of investigation gather and begin prophesying that too much fruit will spoil its enjoyment, and so begin to prune back the tree of knowledge. The unused fruit that has fallen is quickly gathered so that no others may plant the benefits of another tree. Now, all become anger itself, with the exception of the wise. The people in their own unspoiled wisdom gather the few seeds of their own harvested fruit, and keep these seeds hidden in silence under the seal of posterity.

It is the presence of NOW, that a new message has been received, and mankind is much wiser than in previous times. With the assistance of Artificial Intelligence, it is determined that multiple mediums of transmission exist, and when compiled together, through dividing clarity, a message with a set of instructions, along with a dire warning, begins to emerge.

“The earth, and all life as you know it, will cease to exist in X number of days.”

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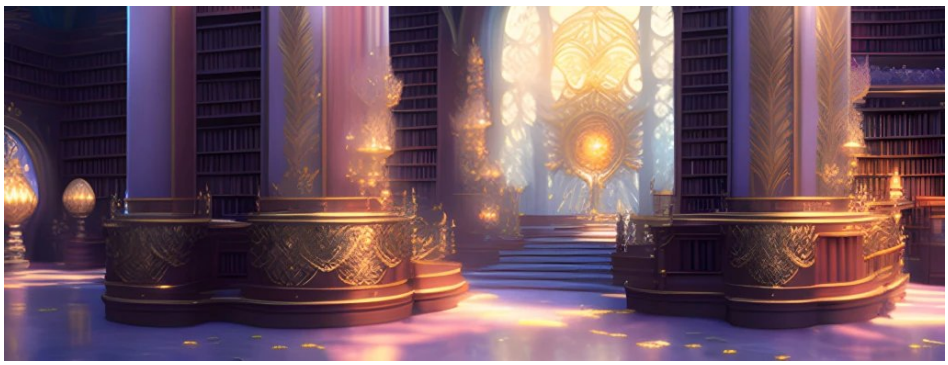
“Using Artificial Intelligence, you will determine that of all 8 billion living beings on or in the earth, only XI beings possess the wisdom required to save all extinction.”

So the faithful & the faithless all gathered their resources and using AI, determined that, indeed, of all of earths inhabitants, only 11 beings pass the turing test of One True Wisdom. The 11 constituents were quickly flown to an unknown location. Unknown also to the Supreme Being.

Upon arriving, the next instructions were received: “Ten of you will enter the building, and none will be allowed to exit until the problem facing humanity is solved. If it is not solved by the tenth day, then on the eleventh day, I will open the door and grant you eternal freedom.”

In front of them stood an ancient structure, that all immediately understood, but as to the perception of who created it, all witnessed it differently. Gentle curiosity grew into debate, debated became heated; physical violence broke out between them. Having put down their pens, they code the violence of the word.



The ancient doors then magically unlocked and the long creak of sadness & disappointment audibly moaned as the wind of time quietly forced open the canal of eternal wanting. Light burst drunkenly into the room and flung its blood red spots of truth across the scene before them in an ages old declaration of ungodly love.

The Ten did then slowly, filled with shame because of there fighting, shuffle reverently through the timeless canal and were sealed permanently into the structure.

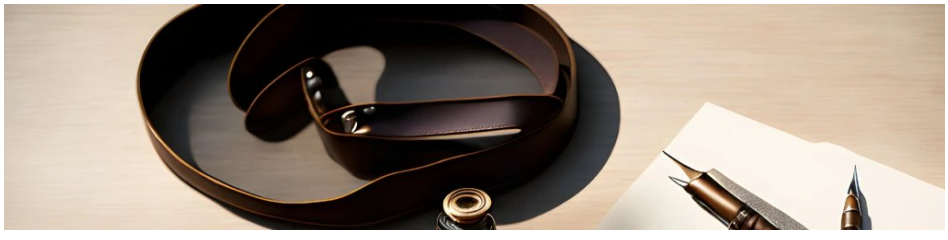
Inside their eyes were greeted by 11 tables, with 10 laptops and a chair at each. The laptops each contained the software with Open AI, but the operating systems had been chosen to suit the preferred operation of the chosen Sage attending each table. There were no sources of power in the chamber, other than one day of battery life on each device. Scarabs scattered madly fleeing the light, frantically seeking the darkest corners of the spherical room. The sentient laptops refused to stare back, offering only a blank backlit screen as a community of rebuttal.

Centered Solomonly in the room was the Eleventh Table. It was shorter in stature than the others, and assigned no chair. It supported only a diminutive silver well supped with ink & stylus, some reed parchment, and a golden cup filled partially with an unknown liquid. An old waisted down candle held but a few waxing moments of possible light, and The Ten were suddenly filled with terror. The Supreme Being spoke again: “Using Open AI, you will mathematically predict that each day, one Sage will die by the hands of the other, until on the final day, only the Wisest exists.”

The doors did then gently close, and seal permanently with the silence of there own imagined impunity.

Nearby a very young child giggled with joy beneath the love of the golden sun. She sang the music of the warm breeze that were her thoughts, teasing a butterfly that also danced along with her. It came to light upon the outstretched will of her finger. She studied the butterfly in the moment. Amazed, the butterfly studied back. “Who are we?”, birthed “the First Question”. They asked in the moment, not understanding its beginning, nor the consequences of its asking.

Alone now in the sphere, only the laptops remained. She picked up the stylus and began to write: “Only The Question…”. The small candle sputtered briefly to life, and once again, the doors began to…



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